

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, No. 52, to 62 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 62 Park Row.
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 62 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 62 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for England and the Continent and all countries in the International Postal Union:
One Year, \$12.00; Six Months, \$7.00; Three Months, \$4.00.
One Month, \$1.50.
VOLUME 57.....NO. 20,168

BIG, BUT QUIET.

IT WAS a remarkably orderly election. By noon, attendants at the New York County Court House were expressing their amazement at the first election morning they could remember which had passed without a single application for a hearing on a disputed vote.

The 3,123 polling places in the Greater City were in the main as quiet as if it were only a busy registration day. The 4,246 policemen assigned for special election duty—two for each polling place, as the law requires—seemed to the average observer about twice as many as were really needed. And yet the City of New York polled an exceptionally large vote.

Plenty of New Yorkers can recall a time when, particularly in east side districts, no election day passed without a succession of rows and challenges that kept the police continually on the jump. No one can say there was any lack of interest in yesterday's election. On the contrary it was an out-and-out contest. The fact that New York voters did all their fighting by ballot is a testimony to the steady rise of intelligence and self-respect in the city's electorate.

Wu Ting-Fang, the new Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, got himself thoroughly liked in this country when he was Chinese Minister at Washington. He is broad-minded, in sympathy with democratic ideals and has a first rate sense of humor. It was Wu Ting-Fang who managed to get a message through to the American Minister, Mr. Conger, shut up in the compound in Peking while the Boxers were clamoring for the blood of foreigners.

If the United States had been asked to find a Foreign Minister for China the word might well have been: Where's Wu?

THE SPORTING SIDE.

TEN MILLION DOLLARS in election bets sounds like a lot of money to be staked on events of sober meaning to commonwealth and nation. This year's campaign is said to have developed the biggest volume of betting in the nation's political history.

Yet how little it signifies. If a few Americans have fat bundles of thousand dollar bills to risk on election results, what's the harm? Wall Street sometimes stakes as much in a week on chances that have no more permanent meaning than the gyrations of a roulette wheel, and nobody is scandalized.

Campaigns are long—too long. The only way plutocracy can keep from getting bored is to treat them as sporting events. If times are good and money is plenty the totals wagered are likely to be large. Yet, large as they are, they are only a mite compared with the vast substrata of solid industrial and business values which the country is creating.

Ten million dollars of election bets? The froth of prosperity.

Hits From Sharp Wits

When there are three women to get on the car each must push the button. Otherwise, in case the car failed to stop, only one could threaten to take the company's franchise away from it.—Toledo Blade.

An onion can go anywhere without losing its identity.—Toledo Blade.

Nearly every girl worth having is the one who has been in love before.—Memphis Commercial.

Evil thoughts, like green apples, upset the whole system.—Deseret News.

The best boy in the world—the one who is trying to persuade mother not to tell father.—Macon News.

Did you ever look into a strange, full-length mirror and mistake yourself for somebody else whose appearance didn't strike you as pleasing? It's a disconcerting experience.—Toledo Blade.

A Paper the Germans Can't Suppress

TO offer \$10,000 reward for the address of a newspaper printing plant and a similar amount for the identification of an editor seems a strange proceeding, but that is what the German officials in Brussels are ready and anxious to do for the discovery of the plant and publisher of La Libre Belgique. Early in 1915 this mysterious sheet began to appear, and it has been circulated almost every week since then among the people of the Belgian capital.

By whom and where it is published the best secret agents of the German Government have been unable to discover. Almost a hundred weekly issues have appeared, and at last reports the Teutons were no nearer the solution of the mystery than when the troublesome sheet made its initial bow. The editor has announced that his

Candlepower of a Firefly's Light.

CALCULATING the candle power of a firefly's light is no easy matter, especially as it shows its brightest light only when in flight, but William H. Pickering of the Harvard Astronomical Station at Mandeville, Jamaica, managed to do it by comparing it with the light of certain stars, says the Electrical Experimenter. The firefly's light is not a brighter light than those with which we in the States are familiar, and Pickering's calculations are for that of the tropical insect. In a recent letter to Nature he states that: "A great number of them fly along a neighboring road, and their position can be determined by their illumination of the inclosing stone walls. Their brightness was found to equal

that of the star Canopus, which was just over the road and at rather a low altitude. Its brightness was at that time equal to Orion's. The altitude was 40 degrees. It was a very clear evening, as is generally the case here, so that we may take the brightness of the latter as of 1 magnitude. The distance of the road was 15 feet, or 53 meters. A zero candle power star is bright to one candle power at 526 meters. If of zero magnitude the light of the firefly would therefore have been just 0.01 of a candle power. Being of first magnitude, its light was 0.44 candlepower. This result is probably correct within half a magnitude, or 50 per cent., and considering the apparent brilliancy of the insect, is smaller than one would have expected.

Evening World Daily Magazine

Let the Good Work Go On!

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By J. H. Cassel



Christmas, the Customer and the Clerk

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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SIX weeks from next Monday and it will be Christmas Day. Four weeks from next Monday and the average clerk in every store will be tired to death, besides realizing that there are two more tedious weeks before the end comes.

Are you going to wait until those two weeks arrive? Are you going to crowd your way to the counters and demand attention because you happen to be a customer with some coin to spend?

Or are you going to be the considerate customer? Are you the person who makes the early resolution and later are slow in action?

Doubtless last year you began shortly after Christmas to make promises to yourself that you would do your shopping very early next year. Well, next year is here now and four good weeks before you—four weeks when you have a chance to pick and choose and not elbow your way through the throng of Christmas buyers.

And, having finally decided that you are going to do your shopping early, are you going to start out to shop in the well-known way—shopping but not

buying, searching but not deciding? Are you going to "look" then go back again to purchase? Well, then, you will be tired to death and be glad to buy at the very last place you reach. In the end you will be disappointed and sorry you did not decide in the first place.

Endless energy is thus wasted every year. Why not profit by the experience of one woman who told me the other day how easy she made her Christmas shopping. This woman quickly gets it over and then gets over it.

"Usually about this time," she said, "I take one evening and make out a list of all the presents I intend to give. I have learned from long experience that the nicest presents in the world are those which people usually need and do not expect any one will give them—something they have wanted to buy themselves but put off getting or couldn't get. Such gifts are the most delightful kind in the world.

"Of course, with relatives and very close friends it is not difficult to ascertain the things they desire.

"If there is something they especially want and it comes within my means I put it opposite their names.

"In this way, by devoting an hour each evening, in three or four evenings I have a complete list of names and gifts opposite them.

"Sometimes I have two or three suggestions at each name. Then I begin to buy. I go directly to the counters for the things I am looking for.

"I try to make my selection without too much deliberation. I find that one gets worried and weary at seeing too many things. Besides, it is difficult to choose, and when you have seen such a number you usually select something that is quite different from all the rest and may not suit the person at all.

"Often in my search for things I see something that seems more appropriate than the thing I had thought of, and of course I buy that. But if I do not see anything on my way I do NOT WASTE TIME in going from one place to another in quest of something I KNOW NOT WHAT.

"Sometimes after I have all my Christmas gifts home I change them around a bit, desiring that one thing will be more acceptable to a person than the article that I had purchased for them.

By this ACTUAL PURCHASING two or three hours a week I have my Christmas shopping completed from three to four weeks before Christmas. Having all the packages in the house ready to send makes one so secure and it is such a relief when you reflect on the crowded stores and you are at home comfortable in the thought that you are through."

A little scheming along these lines saves endless worry for the customer and silent suffering for the clerk. A hint to the wise, &c.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

Department Stores as Fields for Young Men.

"I WONDER why so many young men are prejudiced against entering the department store business," said a superintendent.

"Stocks, bonds, banking, real estate, insurance—all these lines are overcrowded. And a clean cut, young college man can walk into any good-sized department store in the country and, if his record is clear, can go to work almost at a day's notice.

"There is just as much room for the exertion of good gray matter in this business as in any other. Why don't the youngsters grasp their opportunities? No, they prefer to starve in Wall Street rather than to grow fat up town.

"The son of a neighbor of mine announced that he was going to work for a private banking house down in

the heart of the financial district. I'd been keeping my eye on him with the idea of locating him here.

"Now, I know that concern," I informed him. "They specialize on foreign exchange. The business is conducted by the two owners, aided by a force of about ten clerks. It's a G. A. organization, but what good will that do you? I'll wager that their highest paid man, the bookkeeper, checked my assertions, and he concluded to start in here in the store. I may be prejudiced, but in my opinion, for the man without backing most of time is better than straight finance."

And the department stores offer particularly good opportunities for able men."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"THE Ranges are old friends and neighbors and make you feel at home; I think we should go over and see them," said Mr. Jarr.

"They are very worthy people, it is true," replied Mrs. Jarr, "still Mr. Range!"

"Never you mind!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "You needn't begin telling me that Mrs. Range's manners lack that respect that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. I'm tired of going to 'Afternoons of Ethical Advance' and saying, 'How very charming!' I want to get a breath of fresh air impregnated with corned beef and cabbage. I want to get in my own set, where the recognized callers include the furniture installment man and the landlord on the first day of the month—and if you haven't got the whole of the rent left grumble and take half."

"You forget that we have children and be back next day for the rest."

"Never mind what they'll do so grand for your children. They'll never get them into society," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Neither will that other bunch," asserted Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr sighed, but, as she admitted, Mr. Jarr was unrepentant. And she finally graciously consented to go over to the Ranges to spend an old-time evening.

"Look who's here!" cried Mr. Range, enthusiastically, as Mrs. Range welcomed the Jarrs to the Range flat.

"See if there is any liquid refreshment. If there isn't, Ed Jarr and I will slip out and get some."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Range. "We haven't had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Jarr in a long time, and there'll be no running out of you two to Gus's place and leaving Mrs. Jarr and me alone."

"We'll play cards," said Mr. Range. "Yes, let us play a game of poker, then," said Mrs. Range.

With the aid of the button box and

growing up," replied Mrs. Jarr. "What good will the common sort of people you praise so highly do them in future years?"

"And what good will the Strivers and all the rest of the near-push fourflushers do the children when they grow up, either?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Make a pink air, ballroom dude of Willie and a discontented, money-choreographing young woman of little Emma? Give me Range, and Raftery, the builder, and even Gus, every time. They'll go to the organization and demand something for Willie as soon as he's through high school and passes any of the Civil Service examinations. They'll see Emma gets a place to teach in one of the schools if she takes the Regents' examinations. They'll!"

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what poker chips could be rounded up from among the children's playthings enough counters were collected to play the national indoor game. It was agreed that Mr. Jarr should be good for his wife's losses and Mr. Range for his. No great financial strain was apprehended, as, in deference to the ladies' wishes, the value of the counters was set at ten for a cent irrespective of kind, size or color.

"It's your are!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Don't bother me!" answered Mrs. Jarr, who, with her cards face up on the table, was examining the tea set Mrs. Range had gotten for two thousand trading stamps.

"Are you going to play or aren't you?" asked Mr. Range of his good lady.

"I'll play when I'm ready!" replied Mrs. Range. "I want to show Mrs. Jarr this tea set, and then I want to look at our little Johnny's eye and see if she thinks I should take him to the doctor's. Old Mrs. Dusenberry says it's only a sty and I should get a bread and hot poultice on it."

So the game was discontinued in its very beginning, while Master Johnny Range was aroused from his slumbers and hauled out, squalling. In his night clothes, to have the experienced Mrs. Jarr diagnose his ailment.

"I think it's only a scratch," said Mrs. Jarr.

Mrs. Range was relieved at this diagnosis and took Mrs. Jarr in the front room to show her the new rug. When the ladies returned from viewing the rug and Mrs. Range's new hat and coat, the men had sewn, "Oh, well, that was all they wanted!" said the ladies, philosophically, and they sat down to recount the failings of all they knew, husbands included.

To-Day's Anniversary

THIS is the anniversary of one of history's pathetic tragedies—the execution in Paris of the beautiful and talented Madame Roland, who was guillotined on Nov. 8, 1793. She and her husband were among those gifted intellectuals who sowed the seeds of revolution in France. A staunch republican to the last breath, she was outspoken in her denunciation of the crimes and follies of the terrorists, and for this she was sent to the guillotine. As she passed to the scaffold her eyes fell on the statue of liberty, and she cried: "O Liberty! Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Havarians will celebrate to-day the third anniversary of the accession of King Louis III, whose elevation to the throne terminated the reign of the insane King Otto. The recent death of the mad monarch, who had long been confined under guard in one of his chateaux, brought relief rather than sorrow to Havarians. Otto, the son of his father, was a madman, and he who drowned himself. Otto began to show evidences of insanity. His madhouse was a magnificent castle, and at times, when he came into the opera singers he brought to him, and they sang to him for days at a time.